THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.] *Saturday, July* 15,....1809. [NO. 12.

ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

"And why should I not find the same," returned Puymarais; "I only labour for my own happiness, my most ardent wish is that of contributing to yours. Is it not then an action deserving of praise, to share my fortune with the most amiable woman in the world, to strive to recompence her for the injustice of fate?"—"Those actions, which would be the finest in themselves, Sir, lose their brilliancy, when it is known that they were suggested by love; let us not allow ourselves to be led away by a false illusion, and for both our sakes let us do nothing hastily; allow yourself time to reflect more maturely upon the measure you wish to adopt; my intention is to return to the abbey of Reigny; if after a reasonable absence you still think the same, and if I no longer see any impropriety in our union, I promise then to accept with gratitude the hand you now offer me."—"No, no, Mademoiselle, I cannot consent to your leaving me. What, is it at the moment when I lay all I possess at your feet, when I would yield up my very existence for you, that you form the project of returning to Reigny!—Alas! I see it but too plainly, my presence importunes you, and you hate me, since you impose on me such severe laws. What do I care whether my marriage be approved or not by those with whom you menace me? Do you then not know that the world is often prepossessed without knowing why, and judges without listening? Are similar decrees then to be considered as oracles? It is not the opinion of the world which should form the basis of our conduct. Those who are not acquainted with Mademoiselle d'Argennes, will raise their voices against the offers she will have permitted me to make her; but how much shall I be praised by those who will have admired her virtues, and who like me have felt the power of her charms? Believe me, Mademoiselle, you alone are sufficient to make me happy, and if you deprive me of hope, there is no longer any bliss for me."—"I have already told you, Sir, that if my birth was equal

to yours, I should reproach myself for not accepting the offer you are so kind as to make me; but it is precisely the distance which separates us, that ought to arm me against you."

She had scarcely concluded the last sentence, when Madame St. Clare, who had been walking on the terrace entered, followed by the Chevalier de Fontange and several others. He approached Alphonsine with his usual affability, and that radiant air which is the symbol of content. Our heroine's first thought was that he had probably just quitted Mademoiselle de Fienne; but she was too proud to allow him to perceive that his conduct had affected her. She accordingly endeavoured to receive him the same as usual; but this effort she feared could not last long; she dreaded it, and sought for a pretext to break off an interview which might hereafter cause her to reproach herself.

The Count de Puymarais was going to take his leave, when Alphonsine rose, and fixing her eyes on the Chevalier de Fontange, said she was going to call on Mademoiselle de Fienne. "What," hastily interrupted the Chevalier, "you are acquainted with her?" "Yes, (replied she) we were educated in the same convent, and are so closely united in the bonds of friendship, that we conceal nothing from each other."—"As to that," replied he, approaching her, and lowering his voice, so as not to be heard by the rest of the company, "I believe you are mistaken, as I can assure you of one circumstance which she has not confided to you." Alphonsine, who wished to put an end to the conversation, feigned not to understand his meaning, and withdrew, for the purpose of calling on her friend to bid her adieu, previous to her departure for Reigny.

On arriving at her hotel, she was informed that the Duke of St. Al—— had been seized with a sudden indisposition, that his daughter was then with him, and could not be seen. Our heroine returned home, not sorry to have escaped an interview which could only have proved painful.

As soon as she found an opportunity of conversing in private with Madame St. Clare, she earnestly entreated her to permit her to return to Reigny; informed her of all that had passed between herself and the Count, and that the intended marriage of Mademoiselle de Fienne, which would undoubtedly take place on the Duke's recovery, made her the more anxious to quit the capital. Her benefactress strove to detain her at least a little longer; but finding her fixed in her determination, at length yielded to her solicitations, and early the following morning our heroine was on the road to her convent: yet her heart

was torn with many unpleasant recollections.

The Count de Puymarais's attentions followed her to her retreat; he did not let a day pass without sending her some marks of his remembrance, or assurances of his unabated affection. She felt grateful for his kindness, tho' it did not produce the effect he wished. The idea of the Chevalier still haunted her imagination; she frequently recalled to her mind the few words he had said to her the last time they met, and and felt a secret pleasure in believing that Mademoiselle de Fienne was not so completely the mistress of his affections as she supposed. Then recovering herself, she would exclaim, "But of what avail is it to me whether she be beloved or not? Should I wish to excite a passion in the breast of her lover? No, whatever his sentiments may be towards her, I must never see him more, never think of him, and it is almost criminal to be under the necessity of forming this resolution."

On the other hand, the Count's love became stronger every day. Absence had only served to augment its force, and his repeated and incessant intreaties that Madame St. Clare would endeavour to draw her from the Abbey, determined at last that lady to gratify his wishes.

The attention of friendship, and its kind solicitude, have not always the desired happy effects. Madame St. Clare allowed herself to be dazzled by the advantages that her young friend's union with the Count seemed to promise; and regarding her partiality for the Chevalier de Fontange as a childish affection which would soon be effaced, resolved to render her happy, and make her fortune, even against her will, notwithstanding her coldness for Puymarais.

She accordingly determined to repair to the Abbey, and prevail on Alphonsine to accompany her to a country-house she possessed; and to invite the Count, not doubting that his constant attentions would effect a change in Mademoiselle d'Argennes sentiments; that she would become insensibly accustomed to his society, and that her advice supporting his endeavours to please, she must at length yield to their united efforts and accept so advantageous an offer.

This plan was no sooner formed, than Madame St. Clare hastened to put it into execution. She arrived at Reigny, when she was the least expected, and it was necessary that she should explain the purport of her visit to her sister, several private conversations passed between them on the subject. When at length Madame St. Clare had led the Abbess into her plan, by her arguments, and the confidence she entertained of her views being fulfilled, Alphon-

sine was informed that her friend intended passing some months at her estate at Fargeville, to settle some business which required her presence, and begged our heroine would accompany her to assist her in spending her time more agreeably in her solitude.

Mademoiselle d'Argennes, once more accustomed to the peaceful retirement of her convent, felt little inclination to leave it. The Count de Puymarais, by whom she wished to be forgotten, was scarcely ever in her recollection; and she hoped that absence would extinguish a flame which she fancied she never could return. Rather grieved than irritated by the Chevalier Fontange's conduct, she could have wished never again to have mixed with the world; and whether through disappointment or zeal, all her thoughts were bent on taking the veil. The ingenuous frankness of her disposition, seemed here to have found its proper sphere. In her present frame of mind she could take no delight in a world where individuals meet by chance, and are united by custom, where a fruitless search after pleasure is almost the only employment; the world, in short, which she had only glanced at, and which had filled her mind with regret and vexation. She for some time resolutely refused Madame St. Clare's invitation. "What!" said this kind friend, "my dear child, have you then determined that I should never again enjoy the pleasure of your society? Will you not come and cheer the melancholy I shall feel when I behold myself surrounded by strangers, and in a strange part of the country? Affairs of too much consequence to be abandoned, compel me to go thither; the law-suit I have with my late husband's relations, causes me much vexation, and I shall have no friend there to assist me in bearing it; I had flattered myself," continued she, "that Mademoiselle d'Argennes felt some attachment, some friendship towards me; but doubtless other thoughts occupy her mind—other wishes" —"Other wishes Madam," exclaimed Alphonsine, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, "would you suppose me so ungrateful? How little you know my heart; my most ardent wish is to oblige you, what other method have I to show how sensibly I feel your kindness, than by obeying you in all things?"

Madame St. Clare would not let this moment slip, when Alphonsine's gratitude seemed inclined to yield to her in all things. She tenderly embraced her, and the Abbess entering at that instant, "Come sister," said she, "and congratulate me; Alphonsine consents to accompany me to Fargeville: she has felt how much I should be to be pitied alone, without any friend or companion; she has forgotten her scruples, and I am most grateful

for her kindness." Our heroine, after her late declaration, could not start any further objection, and their departure was fixed for the following Monday. Madame St. Clare was delighted that all now seemed to conspire to insure the success of her project, and Alphonsine's regret was insensibly lessened by the satisfaction she experienced in sacrificing her own inclinations to the duty she owed her kind friend.

However, before her departure, she resolved to make some further inquiries respecting a circumstance which, since her infancy, had never ceased to torment her: for this purpose, early the next morning, she sought an opportunity of conversing with the Abbess in private. She waited until she had left her oratory, and when all the nuns had retired, falling at her feet, intreated her to inform her who she really was, to whom she belonged, and what crime she had been guilty of, to be treated with so much inhumanity by the authors of her existence, who were still concealed from her.

These earnest intreaties greatly affected Madame de Royan, as she could not give her pupil any satisfactory information respecting her parents. "My dear child," replied she, "believe me, I share your well-founded uneasiness. My wish is not less ardent than your own to discover your family; believe me, my researches have more than once been renewed, but unfortunately without the least success. Thus my child, you must moderate your impatience, and expect all things from the bounty of Heaven; God is just, he knows your griefs, he will pity you, and perhaps the time when you think yourself the least likely to discover the mystery of your birth will be that when it shall be revealed to you."—"But my dear Madam," rejoined Alphonsine, "on what account am I thus forsaken? and by what fatality have my parents thrown an impenetrable veil over my birth, if they have not cause to blush for it?"—"With respect to this point, my child," replied the Abbess, "I ought not only to calm your inquietude, my duty is to destroy it. I have more than once questioned the woman who conducted you hither in your infancy; I have even gone so far as to employ threats, to oblige her if possible to speak, and tell me at least the rank of your parents. My menaces were useless with respect to the latter point; she however solemnly declared that you belonged to a respectable family, and went so far as to confess, that the name of d'Argennes which had been given you, is not that of your father. In short, by being closely questioned, she at length informed me—though I do not know whether I ought to reveal it to you." "Proceed, I conjure you, my dear Madam," hastily interrupted Alphonsine, "hide no-

thing from me; let me know the worst, it will grieve me less than the cruel neglect I experience, and the darkness which envelopes my birth."—"Well, my child, I shall no longer hesitate; you possess courage and resignation; call them to your aid and always bear in your mind that you have here friends, whose warmest endeavors will ever be to efface from your mind the recollection of the injustice of which you have to complain.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, AND MISS PONSONBY:

The fair Recluses of Llangollen.

(Concluded.)

To this account of the fair recluses of Llangollen, we shall subjoin a description of the beautiful vale adjacent to their retreat, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent, by whom it was visited, at an inauspicious season it is true, about the beginning of the present year.

The face of a large tract of country covered with snow presents few of those attractions the admirer of rural scenery so often lingers to contemplate in the flowery and reanimating months of summer. Where every object is lost, or deeply incrusted with the dazzling maze of white, little more is to be admired than the outline of the landscape; under any other circumstances, the views I beheld when I entered this part of North Wales must have been enchanting, and have mocked all the powers of description which should attempt to convey an adequate idea of their charms to your readers

In the absence, however of the reality, imagination must supply the colours to the picture, and from the bold outline this delightful country presented, it will not be difficult to form a tolerably correct idea of the whole. The ride from Wrexham Llangollen is remarkable for the sublimity and awful grandeur of the prospects; the most prominent feature in the landscape is a high and stupendous chain of mountains, sometimes swelling into the clouds, or gently shelving into the vallies, around which they form a wide amphitheatre; and by their elevations afford shelter, and tend to fertilize the vales at their bases. I was led to exclaim—

I love thy mountain's giant forms!
Darkly clad in gathering storms;
I love thy rocks, down whose steep sides,
With foaming dizzying crash,
Thunder the torrent's tan-drown tides,
And roaring whirlwinds dash.
For,
'Mid clouds and crags, dark pools, and mountains drear,
The wild-wood's silence, and the billows roll,

Great Nature rules, and claims with brow austere,
The shudd'ring homage of the inmost soul.

From the craggy sides of the rocks, descend the tributary streams to supply the river which divides the dales, and which dashes its foaming impetuous course along the banks, often edged with broken crags and grey rocks, and is seen winding in a deeper and more peaceful stream through dark and silent groves, spreading their autumnal shades over the surface, or often glistening thro' fields of verdure, and cultivated spots of ground; here foaming and chafing some dark ruin's tottering base, there reflecting the modern villa or the humble hamlet in its silver bosom, and by the variety of the scenery giving new beauty to the whole.

The cottages, bridges, villas, towers, rocks, and dark ruins of Gothic antiquity, are in unison with the surrounding objects, and the attention is frequently called from beholding the beauties of nature to pause on the works of art. In the centre of the long valley which stretches to Llangollen, is erected a most stupendous acqueduct, by which the canal is conveyed from a lofty hill over a wide chasm in the mountains; the length of this amazing work of art and human industry, is, I was informed, three hundred yards, the acqueduct composed of cast iron, is supported on fifty stone pillars, and arches, and the view of this immense pile bestriding the valley, is grand beyond description, and contributes much to heighten the effect produced by the whole scenery; for here grandeur and sublimity sit enthroned on the mountains, and solitude and human privacy with their attendant charms, have fixed their abode in the vallies.

The beauties of the Vale of Llangollen certainly exceed every idea I had formed of their grandeur, and on my arrival at the inn in the village, the muse embodied the following

LINES ON VISITING LLANGOLLEN.

MUCH have I heard, Llangollen, of thy scenes,
And the wild landscapes of thy mountain greens.
The rushing streams, that dash thy rocks among,
Thy snow-topt mountains, thy wild harper's song,
Thy fruitful vallies deep, where oft between,
Rise hamlets, rocks, and tow'rs to grace the scene.
Where solitude and calm contentment dwell,
And contemplation roves each rocky dell,
Or climbs the snow-topt mountain's cloudy height,
To watch the sinking shades of evening light;
To view the foaming torrent's misty show'r,
To list' the brooding tempest's rising roar,
Mark the blue mists the silvery moonbeams shroud,

Or golden ev'ning edge the dusky cloud;
Yet, till this hour my doubting heart has thought
Thy glowing scenes by fancy's pencil wrought,
Or drest in poetry's enchanting hues,
And all the flatt'ring colours of the muse;
But if in winter's storms thy beauties charm,
If the cold breast thy varying landscapes warm,
In Summer's smiles it surely stands confest,
That he who draws thee fairest, paints thee best.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies of vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life."

Cato, Act 1, *Scene* 3.

MR. EDITOR.

I AM not one of those who would estimate that there is not such a thing as real friendship existing, but I think that many of the modern friendships come under Addison's description, as being most frequently "confederacies of vice, or leagues of pleasure," which are broken off as the party become divided in their pleasures, or incapable of engaging in their former unlawful pursuits.

When a young man enters into company, he looks around him for a friend among his new acquaintances, and if he meets with one of a temper congenial to his own, he eagerly attaches himself to him; and should the one be led astray into the paths of vice, the other, afraid of losing the company and friendship of his companion, naturally engages in the same vicious habits, till both become equally abandoned; from a similarity of life, each supposes that they have found a mutual friend, the one being necessary to the other's pleasure. Should sudden and dangerous illness lay hold on either, the sufferer is left to himself; the other being too much engaged, and bent on his own gratifications, and seldom thinks of the situation of his friend; but endeavours perhaps to forget him. If another reminds him of his friend's situation, he perhaps affects to pity him, and would be glad to hear of his return to health; but as long as he continues in a situation incapable of adding to his pleasures, he leaves him to the care of those who are possessed of more benevolence than he; a quality to which he lays no claim, not being in his catalogue of virtues.

The world would indeed be much more miserable than it is, were there not many friendship's formed on purer principles, and founded on a more durable basis than such a fleeting attachment. He who intends forming a lasting friendship, must, in the first place, endeavour to learn if the person

he fixes on, be of good and firm principles, possessed of a heart generous and open, uniformly kind and forgiving. Such a character only is capable of a *virtuous* friendship. Courage and firmness, to defend either person or character, form requisites for a lasting friendship; as he who, from want of some degree of courage, or from a careless indifference, will not defend either, is not likely to prove any valuable acquisition to another as a friend.

When a truly virtuous friendship is once formed, each party considers himself entitled to draw on the other's good offices; but this is never done but on occasions which fully warrant the request. When a favour is asked, it is requested with confidence, and granted with cheerfulness. They vie with each other in being the first to oblige; and, should any thing occur unfavourable to the duration of their friendship, both exhibit the same anxiety for a speedy accommodation. Their mutual happiness may thus, for a short space, be damped, but not lessened; as the good understanding which afterwards follows, becomes daily more secure. Theirs is not an unmeaning profession of esteem and regard, which is forgot almost as soon as spoken. Their innumerable friendly acts to each other, beget a mutual confidence, which continues unshaken, "and such a friendship ends not but with life." Nor does it end there, if they are possessed of the pleasing hope of a glorious immortality in the world of spirits, where, if particular friendships are renewed, we may be assured they never end; and if not renewed individually, they will be most fully supplied by the benignity of that august and benevolent being, "whose friendship is better than life."

AMICUS.

ESTABLISHED RULES,

For the composition of a Modern Novel or Romance.

IN the first place, you must make a point of beginning in the middle of the story: as nothing can be more absurd and insipid than letting a person know who, or what, they are reading about, for four chapters at least; and moreover, be sure to let the first sentence be an exclamation of horror, astonishment, or apprehension.—In the next, take particular care to let the leading characters have foreign names, of at least three syllables; as the frequent repetition of them will be found, on calculation, to occupy a considerable number of pages in the course of the work.

Let the domestics be always faithful, and on the most familiar terms with their employers.

Let all handsome personages be amiable, and all that are plain and deformed, must be vicious.

Make parents tyrannical, strangers disinterestedly benevolent, old maids envious and ridiculous, and children possessed of uncommon talents.

Select words from a good dictionary; such as these, "isolated"—"unsophisticated"—"contour"—"melange"—"machinations"—"analogous"—"energetical," and let two at least be found in every page: they will give it an air of "sublimity," and "incomprehensibility."

Make a point of concluding the first volume with a dilemma, the second with a mystery, the third with a scene of confusion and dismay, and the fourth with four or five weddings; make marriage the sole reward of the good, the ultimatum of happiness, and the only object of female ambition.

This will undoubtedly have an amazing run—for six weeks.

VARIETY.

Singular preservation of three persons,
Previously to the explosion of
His B. M. Ship, the Boyne, at Spithead.

When the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board the Boyne, a marine was peaceably sitting in his birth, with his wife and son, a child of about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began; and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, the man, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and bracing the boy on the animal's fleecy back, dropped them into the sea.—"There," said he, "turn to the land; and God go with you." Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the sea, and the man followed, supporting his companion above water, till the boats arrived to their assistance, when they were taken up, little the worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with the young sailor riding upon its back, like an infant river-god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore; who, from the tenderest motives, finding themselves interested in the boy's safety, rushed into the watery element to meet the young navigator, whom they presently *unsheeped*, and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents. The singularity of this event obtained the patronage of a very liberal lady in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared in the most friendly manner, that as the boy had begun his naval career on a *lamb*, she would never leave him till he was able to continue it like a *lion*.

Richard Nash.

This distinguished character commonly known by the name of Beau Nash, or king of Bath, was born at Swansea, in South Wales 167[illegible], and died 1761 He was the Arbiter Elegantiarum of his time. His heart seemed an assemblage of those virtues, which display an honest and benevolent mind, with the vices which spring from too much good nature. He had pity for every creature in distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefit. He had too much liberality to escape the complaints of his creditors. About the year 1703, the city of Bath became in some measure frequented by people of distinction, on account of the praise, which the learned physicians had bestowed on the salubrity of the springs. Hither people of fortune as well as invalids daily resorted for recreation and pastime. The several games were at length put under the hands of a master in order to preserve regularity. To this office Mr. Nash was the second person chosen, who soon set up a band of music, by which and other agreeable circumstances he gained such fame, that the sovereignty was decreed to him by every rank of people. Bath, from his assiduity, shortly became the theatre of summer amusements for all people of fashion. Whenever he rode into the country for pleasure, he was ever attended with a long retinue of footman, greyhounds, musicians, and every appendage of royalty. His delight was in sumptuous parade. Perhaps the reader may demand what were the finances to support this finery, or whence he derived the treasures, which gave him such frequent opportunity of displaying his benevolence and his vanity? Bath swarmed with gamesters; among whom Nash held a very distinguished drank; yet not withstanding the tendency of such a life to corrupt the morals, he was ever remarkable for his honesty. With regret, however, we must add, that towards the latter part of his life, he became in a great measure destitute of his former charity. Past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, sorrow and poverty came upon him; indeed a variety of causes concurred to embitter his departing life. He died in St. John's court, sincerely lamented by the city, to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor.

Origin of the expression,

"as drunk as david's sow."

David Llord, a Welchman, kept an alehouse in the town of Hereford, and had a kind of monstrous sow with six legs, which he shewed to his customers as a valuable rarity. Now David's wife was often accustomed to make herself quite drunk, and would then lie down to sleep for an hour or two, that she might qualify herself for

the performance of her business: but one day it happened that the house was full, and she could find no place to sleep in but the hog-stye, where her husband kept the aforesaid sow, on clean straw; accordingly she very orderly went in, and fell asleep by her harmonious companion. The sow no sooner found the door left open, but out she slipped, and rambled to a considerable distance from the yard, in joy at her deliverance. David that day had some relations come to see him, who had been against his marrying, and, to give them an opinion of his prudent choice, he took occasion to inform them he was sorry that his wife was abroad, because he would fain have had them see her, "for," says David, "surely man never was better matched, or met with a more honest, sober wife, than I am blessed in." They congratulated him on his good fortune; and, after a short time, were desired by David to see the greatest wonder of a sow that ever had been heard of in the world; he led them to the hog-stye door, and opening it to its full wideness, the first thing they saw was his good wife, in such a posture and condition, that, on her starting up, and calling David husband, she gave occasion for a hearty fit of laughter, and for the phrase above mentioned.

A German Mechanic, of the name of Maelzl, is now exhibiting at Paris, an automaton of a singular construction. The figure exhibits a Trumpeter in the uniform of the Band of the French Imperial Guards, and at the word of command raises the trumpet to its mouth and plays some exquisite pieces of martial music. The whole of the mechanism is contained in the chest of the automaton; its feet rest upon a board to which castors are affixed, and the proprietor moves it from plase to place, in the exhibition room, to shew that there is no communication with any other apartment. In this respect it is superior to the celebrated automaton flute player of M. Vancanson, which once made so much noise in Europe: this latter figure reclined against a wall, behind which some complicated machinery was supposed to be placed.———The most wonderful part of M. Maelzl's automaton, is the effect produced by the lips of the figure upon the trumpet, which are made to exhibit all the delicacy of touch peculiar to the lips of the human body. No jarring or cracking sound of machinery is to be heard, although the ear be applied close to the body of the automaton, nor can any musical sound be emitted unless when the trumpet is applied to the mouth. At the conclusion of the exhibition M. Maelzl sits down to the piano forte, and his trumpeter performs an accompaniment to several pieces of music with all the precision of a first rate performer.—This artist has heretofore distinguished

himself by several improvements on musical instruments.

An instance of excusable fright.

A lady of my acquaintance in France related to me a story which happened to herself. The circumstance took place at Lyons; she was, at the time, a young girl, and her chamber was on the first floor. It was a custom at that time, as in other catholic countries, for the monks to go about at midnight, on a particular night in the year, ringing a small bell, and calling upon every one, in a solemn tone of voice, to pray for the souls of the dead. They had just awoke her with this sad ceremony, when she heard a noise below, and presently something began to mount the stairs, dragging a chain; she became more alarmed on finding it come nearer, till, her door being a-jar, it entered the room; and coming towards the bed, her fright increased, till it jumped on her bed. This deprived her of all power of speech or motion. After some minutes, recovering a little, she put out her hand, and found it was a large monkey, that was kept chained in the lower part of the house; but who, having got loose, had leisurely entered the room, and placed himself in that situation

---

A tavern keeper at a late trial, having placed himself too near the attornies, was desired to withdraw. Gentlman says he, pray consider *I Practice at the* BAR !!

Confident that the alterations I should make in J P.'s communication would not be agreeable to his wishes, I decline the task If he would look it over, and omit the exceptionable matter, I will have no objection to giving it a place.

"The Complaint," by J. G. M. is inadmissible.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 6th inst. at the Friends meeting house, N. J. Mr. Joseph D. Evernghim, Merchant of this city, to Miss Fitz Randolph, daughter of Mr. Jacob Fitz Randolph, of New Blazing Star.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George W. Gosman, to Miss Harriet Sherred, daughter of Jacob Sherred, Esq.

On Friday evening the 7th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Abeel, Mr. Charles E. Dudley, of this city Merchant, to Miss Blandina Bleecker.

DIED,

At Perth Amboy, N. J. on the 30th ult. Col. Phins. Manning, in the 55th year of his age.

On the morning of the 7th inst at the Navy Yard at this place, after three days illness, Miss Catherine A. Chauncey, youngest daughter of Capt. Isaac Chauncey, of the U. States Navy.

At New Haven, (Conn) on the 3d inst. of a paralytic affection, Mr. William M' Crackan, a highly respectable Merchant of that city, in the 74th year of his age.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

ALTHO' your wounded heart will not receive
The co solation which I wish to give,
And though my efforts all abortive prove,
And fail to ease your grief, or to remove,
Shall I to disappointment yield, and say
I'll cast my useless pen entire away?
No, not tho' my weak efforts all may fail,
Some great and powerful cause may yet prevail!
Does not this earth, with yearly rapid force,
Roll round the Sun, and swiftly urge her course?
Does she not swift approach that awful day,
When all her mountain heights shall melt away?
Does not frail man in age, in youthful bloom,
Rapidly sink into the silent tomb?
Days, hours, and moments, some great change may bring,
And turn a winter into blooming spring!
Then why desponding say, that you must sever
From peace, which from your heart has fled for ever?
For ever! no, this earth knows no such state,
Our hearts, altho' to day with joy elate,
May wounded fall, before to-morrow's past,
And lose the fancied bliss, e'er well we taste!
Deep wounds and disappointments here we meet,
And adverse storms will oft against us beat,
But do we long a lasting state e'er know,
In this vain, transitory world below?
"No! and the clouds which oft you so much dread,
May break in joyous blessings on your head!"
Though we no thornless roses here shall find,
Even thorns *may* prove a *cordial* to the mind!

"Piercing thorns a guard compose,
Round the fragrant, blooming rose,
Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet;
Yet, thro' the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove!
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.
From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place;
And every cross a mercy is,
That tells us here is not one bliss;
A blessing every painful thorn,
Which says, we were far nobler born!
In the mansions of our king,
Sweets abound without a sting;
Thornless there the roses grow,
And the joys unmingled flow."

Fix, then, your highest hopes beyond this state,
Where you may fear no adverse, changing fate.

Oh! what is earth with all its fleeting toys,
Compar'd with heaven's eternal, purest joys?
"Where hearts meet hearts, reciprocally sweet,"
And dearest friends in perfect bliss shall meet!
Exalted sense, refinement, talent, pow'r,
All, all may perish in one fatal hour!
But purest virtue shall this earth outlive,
And taste the joys which God himself shall give!
Though birth and great attainments all combine
Within one heart, to please, exalt, refine,
'Tis all but like the taper's glimmering ray,
Unless *Religion* brightens it to *day!*
The heart, where love divine crowns not the whole
To like a lifeless mass, without a soul!
Report now tells me, soon you leave behind
Columbia, where in vain you wish'd to find
Peace, which so long has fled your hapless breast,
And left you wretched, fainting, and deprest!
But know that search the earth, you'll never find
True peace, to satisfy and calm your mind;
But be assur'd, that in the world unknown,
To lasting, perfect *happiness* alone.
We never in this changing world may meet,
But shall, if with true goodness e'er replete,
Before the eternal throne of heaven above,
And taste, and sing, our dear Redeemer's love!
Unto the silent tomb all must descend,
And go before their *Judge* or *dearest friend!*
The unchanging world of spirits!—dreadful theme!
This worl'd compar'd, is but a short-liv'd dream.
You go, my Julia, we may never meet,
But seek those joys which give you bliss complete.
Tho' lengthen'd distance may us far divide,
And waters roll between us, dark and wide,
Shall you of Evelina think no more,
When you leave her's, for your own native shore?
No, I trust not—then grant this wish of mine,
That you will lead your mind, to world's divine,
And raise your heart from earth's deluding joys,
To pure, substantial bliss, which never cloys!

EVELINA.

Connecticut, July 3, 1809.

CHEVIOT'S EXTRACTS
FROM THE BIRCH TREE.

SOME fairy has here with magic art,
Her spells employ'd, to fill the place
With fragrant air;
And those who care
To muse in solitude apart,
May come and nature's scenery trace.
The nodding pines, and trembling leaf,
Assist to fan and wake a breeze,
The shaded glen,
And marshy fen,
The winding, rapping stream, and chief
The feather'd tribe, conspire to please.
Even in this sequester'd shade,
Cupid delights to wound our hearts,
And *Hope* and *Fear*
Sing duets here,
Responsive sighs the chorus aid,
And vows and oaths fill up the parts.

Some Poets wake the trem'lous lyre,
And call in *Love* to swell the note ;
Not so in mine,
The measur'd line,
Is Nature's wish—it wants no fire,
But breath extempo e from its throat.

'Tis not t' *impress* thy virgin heart,
But win by virtue's sanction d laws,
I strive to please,
But should I tease,
I so de est the craf of art,
I'd sooner never gain applause.

'Tis not ambition swells my heart,
'Tis not aspiring pride—but love
I *would* control,
That fills my soul ;
It would its genial power impart,
To add enchantment to the grove.

C. C.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

On a Lady's presenting a Gentleman a WATCH PIECE.

Acc p my thanks, for friendship's boon,
And purest friendship in return ;
Oh ! accept more than friendship gives,
Acc pt all that *affection breathes*.
I'd highly prize a naked piece,
If not one thought the silk should grace,
Nor sportive needle mov'd it o'er,
To variegate the "mimic flower,"
But when wrought with curious art,
And thought so chaste it doth impart,
It is to me, a prize most rare !
Emblem of friendship, oh most dear !
Those purest wishes b eath'd for me,
May Heaven please fulfil for thee !
If friendship's destin'd to control,
And reign supremely o'er each soul,
To court, oh Love, thy mighty arm,
Destroy, dispel thy secret charm,
And but friendship our bosoms warm,
May friendship, like love's high behest,
Then make us gentle, make us blest.

LORENZO.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO MISS L B——,

On hearing her sing.

HOW sweet is the nightingale's voice,
As he warbles his song in the grove ;
But sweeter, far sweeter than this,
Is the voice of the girl that I love.

When misfortunes my happiness mar,
When to me nought but woe does belong,
I quickly forget all my care,
As, enraptur'd, I list to her song.

Then let me forever be near,
To hear the sweet music of love,
Which ravishes every ear,
Which can charm e'en the angels above.

H. G.

EPIGRAM

On an Old Maid.

HERE lies the body of Martha Dias,
Always noisy—not very pious ;
Who liv'd to the age of three score years and ten,
And gave to worms what she refus'd to men.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK.